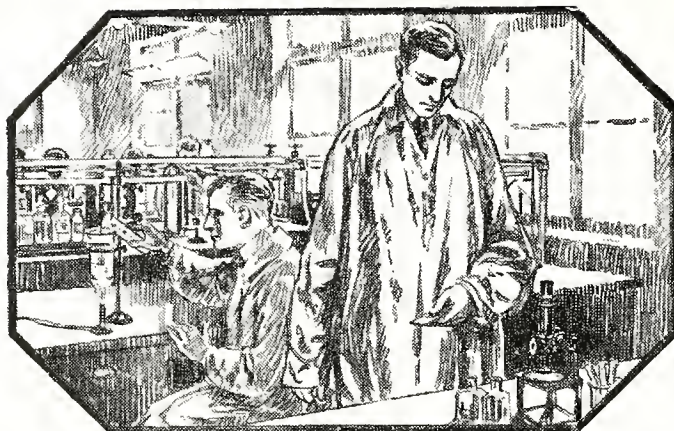


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*Bolshevik-
Number*



*Price
25¢*

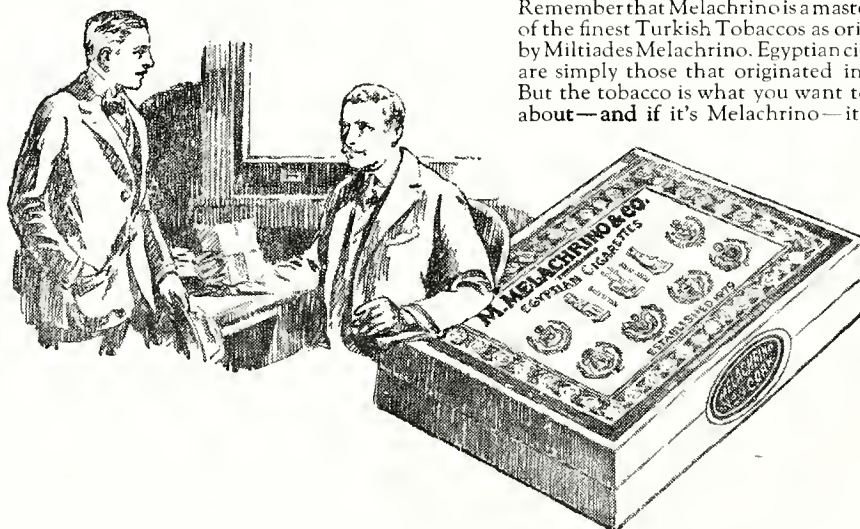


In Medicine—

WHEN you get out into the medical world, you'll find young doctors are judged by something more than diagnostic ability and knowledge of their subject. The atmosphere of success plays its part—the evidence that you have “arrived.” And among the little details that indicate success, there's the habit of preferring

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This is a very good-looking, full-fashioned silk hose with lisle tops and soles. This hose may be had in all the fashionable colors of black, Havana, Russian calf, Piping Rock, Bobolink and white in sizes 8½ to 10. Pair \$2.00

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DON'T BOTHER THE EDITOR

Caller: Is the editor in?

Office Boy: No.

Caller: Well, throw this poem in the waste basket.—Awgwan.

How did you get that Collegiate block to that hat, Bob?

My room-mate's law book, my mattress, a waxing brush, and a steam-roller.—Octopus.

1st Married Man: Say, old chap, let's get a couple demitasses.

2nd M. M.: I'd like to but I'm afraid that my wife might pop in while we were talking to them.
—Awgwan.

Prof.: Late again.

Soph.: Not a word, Prof.; so am I.

—Black and Blue Jay.

Absent-minded Prof.: Mr. Smith, I want you to tell us what—

Mr. Smith: Professor, I'm absent today.

Prof.: I beg your pardon, sir, the next man will take the question.—Cracker.

Mother's Day Sunday, May Thirteenth

• •
LET your remembrance to
Her on this day be flowers
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and pleasant memories.

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that Dear Mother of yours if
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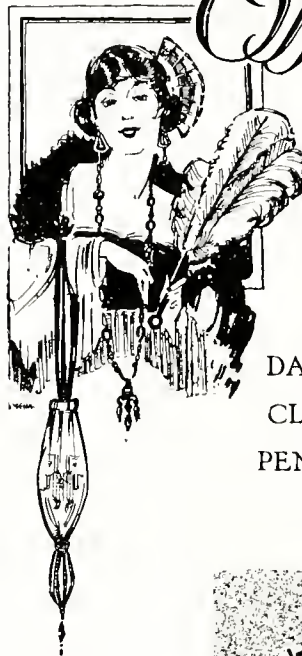


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DAINTY NECKLACES
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PENDANTS ON CORDS

AT



TOO LATE

I.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cried, "Boatman, do not tarry,
For I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

—Campbell.

II.

The boatman glanced down at his wrist
And turned the brazen lock,
"I guess you'll have to swim it, Bud;
We close at at five o'clock."

—Siren.

What is an archeologist?
A grave robber in Egypt.

—Philadelphia Record.

"It is fortunate," remarked the European visitor as he sailed from New York harbor, "that the Statue of Liberty never looks behind it."—Jugler.

Dark Horse: There are only two men I really admire.

White Rat: Who's the other?—Lord Jeff.

Business Directory

Keep this Directory handy so that you may patronize these Ad-
vertisers who show their appreciation of the PURPLE PARROT

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Evanston Tire Co.-----522 Dempster Street

BANKS
State Bank and Trust Company-----Fountain Square

BARBERS
North Shore Hotel Barber Shop-----Davis Street

BEAUTY SHOPS
Mrs. Holland-Alverstone's-----1309 Chicago Avenue

BOOK STORES
Chandler's-----Fountain Square

CONFECTIONERS
Du Breuil's-----620 Davis Street
Pink Shop-----602 Davis Street
Spoehr's-----
The Latch String-----
Whitman's Candies-----

DANCING SCHOOLS
Mabel Wilson Dancing School-----805 Sheridan Road, Chicago

DEPARTMENT STORES
Rosenberg's-----Fountain Square

ELECTRIC
General Electric Company-----

ENTERTAINMENT
Adelphi Theatre-----7074 N. Clark Street
Beach View Gardens-----Wilson at Clarendon
Castle Gardens-----18 West Quincy Street, Chicago
Howard Theatre-----1627 Howard Street
Hoyburn Theatre-----Davis Street
New Evanston Theatre-----Sherman Avenue

FLORISTS
Fischer's-----614-616 Dempster Street
Schiller's-----4509 Broadway, Chicago
John Weiland-----1614 Sherman Avenue
M. Weiland-----602 Davis Street

HARDWARE STORES
North Shore Hardware Company-----Davis Street

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The Orrington-----Opposite the Public Library
Hotel Somerset-----Sheridan Road, at Argyle

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K. and K.-----29 East Monroe Street, Chicago

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Katherine Walker Smith-----1603 Chicago Avenue
The Children's Shop-----Davis Street

LAUNDRIES
Nelson Brothers-----Phone Evanston 422

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
Browning, King & Co.-----12 West Washington Street, Chicago
George Frost Company-----Boston, Mass.
Ambrose J. Krier-----1030 Wilson Avenue, Chicago
Lytton College Shop-----State and Jackson, Chicago
MacFarland-Ehmen-----Church and Sherman
Walton-Duplex Co.-----223 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

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Almer Coe & Company-----527 Davis Street

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Fenton Music Co.-----Lawrence and Broadway
North Shore Talking Machine Co.-----603 Davis Street

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Toloff-----1623 Orrington Avenue

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Howard Inn-----1545 Howard Street
Samuel Pohn-----Sherman Avenue
Skoglund's Cafeteria-----1138-40 Wilson Avenue, Chicago

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Booth & Holdorf-----2426 Railroad Avenue
Du Brock's Riding Academy-----1128 Foster Street

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National Bay State Shoe Co.-----296 Broadway, Chicago
H. A. Meyer Shoe Co.-----103 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago
North Shore Bootery-----Davis Street

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Lucky Strike-----
Melachrino-----
Milano Pipes-----

TYPEWRITERS
Mfrs. Typewriters Clearing House-----193 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

NOT ACQUAINTED

"Say, is that the moon rising over there?"
"I'm sure I don't know. I'm a stranger here
myself."—Wampus.

Hostess: "It looks like a storm, you had better
stay for dinner."
Jackson: "Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's
bad enough for that."—Virginia Reel.

Jack: I was shot in the face once.
Jane: How far did it go when it glanced off?
—Juggler.

Levi: "Now, mine son, just turn the corner
and follow your nose."
Son Abie: "Oh, but fadder, I'll get lost."
—Michigan Gargoyle.

Jim: Teacher, Skinny's cheating.
Teacher: How, James?
Jim: Well, you asked us how many vertebrae
we have, and he's trying to count his'n.—Juggler.

Irate Father (in the wee sma' hours): Emily,
ask your friend if he likes his eggs up or over.
—Flamingo.

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HIS SHIP COMES IN

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally, "I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, rising swiftly, she sped into the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.—Columbia Jester.

Surgeon: Your minister is here. Do you want to see him before we begin the operation?

Patient: No, sir! I don't care to be opened with prayers.—Juggler.

I got my marks today.

High?

No, German.—Octopus.

Rastus: Ah can't get dis spot off'n yo' trousers.

Student: Have you tried gasoline?

Rastus: Yas, suh.

Student: Have you tried ammonia?

Rastus: Naw, suh, but I'm almost sure they'll fit.—Yellow Jacket.

Hoyburn Theatre

W. G. STURDIVANT, Manager

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"The Christian"

Sir Hall Caine's Masterpiece

MAY 3

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John Barrymore in "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

MAY 7-8-9

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With Frank Keenan—Anna Q. Nilsson

One of the Greatest Forest Fires
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JACKIE COOGAN in "DADDY"

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Phone 8176

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WHEN making arrangements for your summer school social affairs bear in mind that we have the only Open Air Roof Garden in the city of Chicago.

Dancing is a pleasure in the cool lake breeze on the warmest of evenings.

With a wonderful dance floor accommodating two hundred couples and an unparalleled view of the lake and North Shore District it makes a delightful place for Northwestern University summer social affairs.

Not the least of the Somerset attractions, is the marvelous music of its famous dance orchestra.

Hotel Somerset

Sheridan Road at Argyle
CHICAGO

S. W. GERSTNER, Manager

Telephone Sunnyside 7000

OR FATHER

Bore: I say, isn't your name Jones?

Unfortunate Member: Er-er-er n-n-o: (happy thought) You must be thinking of my brother.—
The Sketch.

Prof.: What are you standing there for?

Stude: Nothing.

Prof.: Well, now, if everybody stood in one place how would all the rest get by?—Awgwan.

Clerk (asking for the day off): Boss, I feel rotten.

Boss (sarcastically): What's the matter with the verb "to be?"—Virginia Reel.

5000 B. C.: Europe unsettled.

1923 A. D.: Europe still unsettled.

—Yellow Jacket.

One of them there city fellers tried to sell me the Brooklyn Bridge when I was in New York last winter.

Yes.

Isez, "Cut 'er loose and wrap her up."

—Awgwan.

A GOOD IDEA

THE

Walton-Duplex SHIRT

Built by College Men

For College Men

—It's REVERSIBLE

And Gives Double Wear and Double Utility

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT
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Established One Hundred and One Years



A Custom Tailor from London Designs the Clothing Made by Browning King for Young Men

The English Model shown above may be seen in the newest imported and domestic fabrics. It is called the Piccadilly and is one of our most popular models. Another model, "The Strand," a three-button, loose-fitting English Lounge Suit of character, we are sure will appeal to the College Fraternity.

Priced \$40 to \$60

New Spring Top Coats—in the correct models—

At \$35 and \$45

Browning King & Co.

12 West Washington Street

C. W. Hendrickson, Manager

A HYMN OF HATE

**Down with exams, with tests and crams,
Down with all text books, fast and quick!
Down with the profs, with frosh and sophs,
For I'm a raving Bolshevik!**

**Down with all grinds and brilliant minds,
Down with all nuts that knowledge seek;
Down with the blinds, and infantile "finds,"
For I'm a raving Bolsheveek!**

**Down to the Yards with chapel cards,
Down with all house rules, smooth and tricky:
Oh! down, I sing, with everything,
For I'm a raving Bolshevicki!!**

—S.-M. B.



Flapper: Wouldn't you love to go to Russia and see the Cossack steppes?

Flappella: They would be cute in those Russian boots.

BOLSHEVITCHSKY

The Russian way out Eastivitch,
He wears a sealskin capski,
His pants are lined with woolivitch,
His socks are pure burlapski.

But he's a foxy guyivitch,
An all-round diplomatski,
He winks the other eyeivitch
And talketh through his hatski.

He wants to be the starivitch,
The chorus and stage-handski;
He wants to run the showivitch
And also lead the bandski. —A. P. K.

BOLSHEVIK PLATFORM FOR N. U.

1. Exile for over-time chapel speakers.
2. Unlimited cuts; abolishment of eight o'clocks.
3. Close the life-saving station.
4. Confiscation of all grades above "D" for the benefit of the student proletariat.
5. Communism of the registrar's office, to do away with all invidious class distinctions.
6. Twenty-four revolutions per diem for the U. H. clock.
7. Change University Hymn to "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest."
8. Troops of Cossacks to clear the steppes of U. H.
9. Suppression of the PARROT for undue levity.

—M. R. E.

SONGS OF THE NEW FREEDOM

I. HELMAR KHAYYAI

A jug of Vodka underneath the Bough,
A corpse or two, a crust of Cheese, and Thou
To strangle gurgling in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Purgatory now!

—D. K. B.

SAYINGS OF POOR RED RICHARD

Charity cloaks a multitude of skin games.
A hare in the pot is worth a full beaver on the face.

The oily woim makes a boid of a still.

Early to bed and early to rise,

Lays a man open to murder and spies.

A sock on the foot is worth two on the jaw.

Make vodka while the moonshines.

Least Red soonest ended, as the executioner says.

SONGS OF THE NEW FREEDOM

II. YASHKA PASSES

The year's at the fall,
And time's at the night;
Night is at three;
The hillside's grave-strewn;
The buzzards do call;
Mosquitoes do bite:
Fate's crushing me—
All's right—with the moon!

—D. K. B.



Buttinsky, the goat, does a Rushin' business with the police.



PICTURE OF A BOWL-SHE-VEEK IN ACTION

A SEA STORY

Lord Jim promenaded leisurely up the gang-plank and made his way into the cabin, already well-nigh filled by his fellow passengers. It was a muggy morning, raining in fits and squalls; making the craft with her flat bottom and breadth of beam far preferable to sportier fair-weather vessels. A bell was heard, the craft unloosed from her moorings and luffed out into the stream, pushing resolutely through the flotsam and jetsam, as she made for the main channel. Her fenders, port and starboard, fore and aft, wobbled dejectedly; in the offing, greyhounds and other swifter craft sped by, taking full advantage of the morning tide. Inside it was stuffy, for all the portholes were shut; and Jim's head and knees were treated violently enough by the rapid pitching motion of the vessel. Jim lit his pipe, filling it with the ratline-wound, rum-drenched tobacco he always carried. At this procedure, a fair damsel sitting beside him uttered a cry of protest. Jim saw that she was deathly pale, and forthwith he whipped out his flask and poured her a noggin of grog. The Steward rushed forward. "Take away that awful man!" the lass cried. Jim found himself roughly manhandled and propelled to the quarterdeck companionway. They hit the bulkhead with a bang, the door flew open, and Jim was outside, grasping at the railing to prevent being thrown overboard as the Edgewater bus lumbered heavily upon its loopward way.

—A. P. K.

A CHANGE IN POSITION

Customer: Do you keep stationery?

Clerk: No, I'd lose my job if I did.



The Beauty: I could simply die waltzing.

The Beast: Excuse me a minute while I speak to the orchestra leader.

SOME CAMPUS BOLSHEVIKS

Photography by WILL GRIFFIN

Titles by DAVID K. BRUNER



On your left, ladies and gentlemen, behold the Demon with the Females—as he tells the sordid story, and (fade-in below) as the awful truth reveals him. He would call the first picture “Fighting Them Off With a Club”—but he does not fight them off. The fade-in, which apparently shows him fighting them off, really portrays our hero in the act of trying to make a date. While not himself a Bolshevik, he is one of the best arguments for ruthless destruction we have met.

We have on our right the flouter of aristocratic and bourgeois tradition who wears white socks to the formal. When or if he notes the self-shining effect draped about his shoe, he will reflect that formal dress is a nuisance, anyway. He may appear at his eight o'clock in this same outfit, if he takes time for breakfast. He is the sort who shows up for a dance with lather behind his ear and simply ruins his partner's best bandeau.



(Below) “Pugs” Stubble, all-American guard, shakes hands with Percy Smythe, well-known flapper-pillar. Percy will reflect, when he comes to, that some fellahs are all right on the football field, but regular Bolsheviks, doncha know, among fellahs who count.



This poor Bozo has not read his etiquette book and does not know that it is bad form to pass the cup without the saucer. By four o'clock q. x. he will be almost through telling his roommate how he showed his girl a hot time, and will have created one more advocate of murder.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

By MALCOLM R. EISELEN

I.

'Twas in the reign of Caesar,
The histories relate,
A mighty revolution
O'erwhelmed the Roman state.
The government was seized by
The so-called Bolsheviks,
Who either won a voter
Or shipped him 'cross the Styx.

II.

Ere scarce a fortnight vanished,
By Marcus Brutus led
The new administration
Began to knock them dead.
The pruning hook was straightened,
The plow became a sword,
With fiendish Nero heading
The Public Welfare Board.

III.

Their platform was the simplest,
With but a single text:
Who yielded not in this world
Repented in the next.
Whoever dared oppose them
Must fill a speedy grave;
To take a bath was treason,—
'Twas even worse to shave.

IV.

In talking to a voter
To bring him to the light,
If reason failed to move him
They turned to dynamite.
For there were but two parties
When all of Rome saw red;
You were one or the other:
A Bolshevik or dead.

V.

They murdered Julius Caesar
Upon the Ides of March,
Because he wore a collar
That had a trace of starch.
They seized the Roman Senate,
But kept them free from harm
Because they found their talking
Helped keep the building warm.

VI.

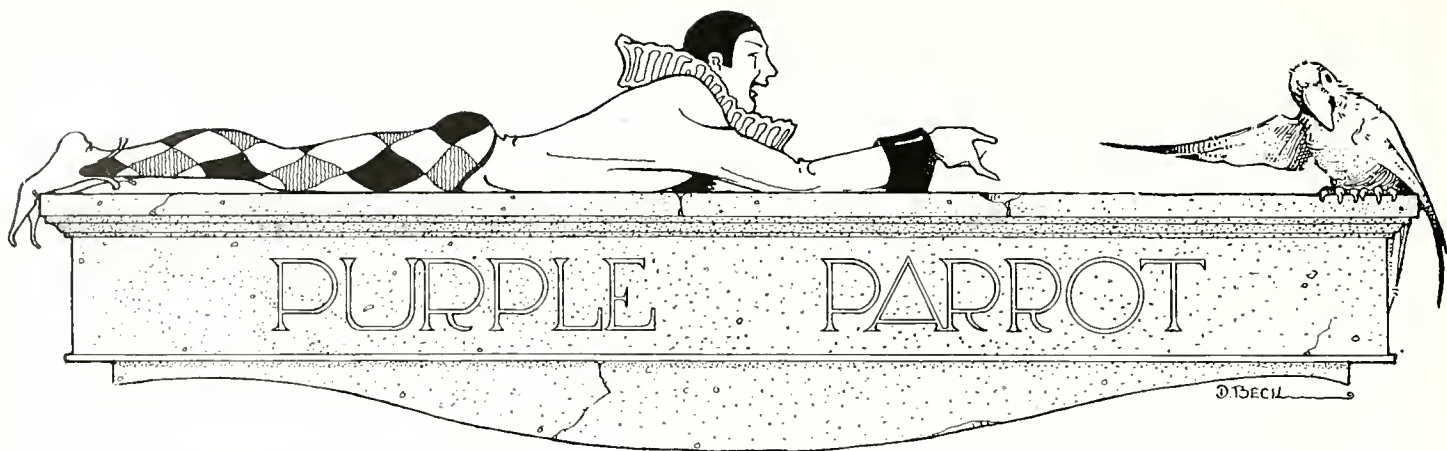
They rounded up the M.A.'s,
B.A.'s and Ph.D.'s:
By which ingenious method
They killed them by degrees.
For those who boasted knowledge
Were deemed to be remiss;
Once more was proved the adage
That ignorance is bliss.

VII.

The value of the shekel
Kept growing less and less;
For then as now they practiced
The freedom of the press.
And as it fell still lower,
It soon became the way
To take a horse and wagon
To draw one's weekly pay.

VIII.

In spite of harsh oppression
They held their sway sublime;
Till, introducing vodka,
They put a ban on wine.
At this the people rose up
With heaven-rending shout,
And, calling in Augustus,
They hurled the tyrant out.



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Evanston, Illinois

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On Bolsheviks—

THE word "bolshevik" has come to mean a number of things, among them one who believes the creed of bolshevism. The term is applied freely to labor agitators, Russians, those who speak English not at all or with an unfamiliar accent, "intellectuals" who presume to examine what we take for granted in civilization—anyone who disobeys laws or respects principles different from our own.

Thus we say a foreigner or college professor who criticizes our government is a bolshevik, for he breaks down respect for national institutions. Of course, Congress itself may do far more than any one agitator could hope to accomplish in weakening the well-informed citizen's veneration of it, but that is a different matter. The pork Congressman is protecting the interests of his constituency, and the unofficial representative of oil or steel interests who secured federal protection for home or foreign exploitation is only maintaining the dignity of the flag.

We feel apologies are due for publishing a Bolshevik Number—due the real bolsheviks. For the bolshevik as he is would not be funny; he would prove too much of a bomb for the picture of him that has been built up in the popular mind. His whiskers and boots are considered comic; his methods are considered atrocious; and his ideas are not considered at all. No wonder the bolshevik is wild!

It is with all appropriate apologies to whomsoever it may concern that we present the Bolshevik Number of the PURPLE PARROT.

On Borrowing—

At last we are sure of it. We have long suspected that some of our subscribers have been reading the poetry page, and now we know it. They told us about it, both of them. And thereby, as Bryan is reported to have said, hangs a tale.

In 1833 there was published a volume entitled "The Works of Thomas Moore," claiming to be "accurately printed from the last editions," which contained among other verse by the sweet singer of Irish sentiment a ditty entitled, "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes." In our last issue the Fates so willed that history should repeat itself; a certain portion of that deathless lyric appeared upon the poetry page of the PARROT, printed quite as accurately as in the volume of 1833, and even more plainly. It is a remarkable coincidence that this should be the ninetieth anniversary of that other publication.

POLLY therefore offers his apologies to Mr. Moore, who is probably too dead to care much, anyhow; and likewise his thanks to the noble sharpshooters who have made this correction possible. We intend to recommend for future editors a good foundation in the minor poets of the second to twentieth centuries of English, French, Greek, Chinese and Choctaw literary history.



On Certain Signs of Spring—

With the approach of spring (that phrase was bound to creep in somehow), the usual signs of the season appear. The sun comes out, and the trees leave; the R. O. T. C. comes out and all members who can get away with it leave. No longer do the peaceful classrooms in the basement of Fisk hall resound with droning lectures on trajectory and echelon, or the clack of breechblocks at inspection as each man tries to pick out a quiet moment to jerk back the bolt.

Instead the battalion lines up its ranks on the greensward along the littoral south of the campus, in rows of trim brown khaki varied with individualistic touches of blue serge, and flashes of green socks showing between putts and oxfords. Our soldiers deploy and charge and sweat in the tropic sun, go through calisthenics like a corps of cheerleaders for the benefit of auto tourists on Sheridan road, and over-run the campus generally. Lying along the shore path, they fire imaginary bullets at imaginary enemies stationed at "twelve o'clock" in the lake, with real cinders nestling in shell-shocked ears and creeping down khaki collars, to the great edification of the campus squirrels. When the sham battle comes, they will fire real bullets with a real kick.

For it is only five years since the end of the "war to end war," and while the peace is being fought out it is high time to prepare for the next conflict.



On Various Matters—

POLLY announces a number of changes in the staff this month. E. H. Shaffer has resigned his post as associate editor and is now molding public opinion on a newspaper at Lima, Ohio. Arthur P. Kirkwood and Walter Schwimmer are the new associate editors, and Miss Louise T. Lowry and C. V. Knox have been added to the editorial staff. On the business side of the house, Knowles B. Hollowell and Paul S. Fowler have been named assistant business managers, and Leon Racusin, advertising manager. Hardin Hawes and Thomas Tait have been added to the circulation staff.

Winners of the Poetry Club prize for the best serious verse appearing in the first seven numbers of the PARROT will be announced in the Prophet's Number next month.

Students who wish to submit poems for possible inclusion in this year's college anthology, "Poets of the Future," (Volume VII), are requested to send their contributions not later than May 15th to Dr. Henry Schnittkind, The Stratford Company, 234-240 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. Some humorous verse is used, as well as serious.



She (playfully): London Bridge is falling down.

He: Yes, the Americans are playing the better game, nowadays.

COMPARISONS

*When profs rave on beyond the bell,
I must confess it makes me mad;
When I regard a gink like that,
I think Lenine can't be so bad.*

*When profs flunk dozens at a time,
Of what avail to make complaint?
Besides such birds I oft reflect
That Trotzky would appear a saint.*

*Although Lenine and Trotzky can
For Russia make things good and hot.
Think of the people's awful plight
If they possessed the bunch I've got!*

—M. R. E.

Has your father a bad cold?

No, he was only reading about the Russian situation out loud.

ON CORRECT POSTURE

Incorrect posture may lead to many serious bodily ailments, such as flat-feet, dandruff, charley horse, tonsillitis, loss of memory, insanity, and death. Of all these, death is probably the most serious.

I have outlined four exercises originated by my friend Major Armstrong, which will prevent this condition.

THE SOUTH BEND

Place both hands upon the hips (making sure that there is nothing else upon the hips). Bend the trunk backward at the waist until the back of the head touches the back of the right heel. Return to the first position. Repeat, touching the left heel.

THE OLIVER TWIST

Turn the head backward until you can see the back of your neck. Return the head to the front by continuing the movement in the same direction. If you smell rubber burning while doing this exercise, proceed more slowly in order to reduce the friction.

THE BANANA SPLIT

Stand with both feet upon the floor. Raise the right leg horizontally and touch the right ear with the side of the foot. Return to first position. Repeat, raising left foot and touching left ear. Do this 768,594,657 times.

THE UNDERTAKER'S DELIGHT

This is the same as the preceding exercise, except that both legs are raised at the same time.

Anyone performing these exercises daily, for three months, should be awarded a death certificate.

—F. S., Jr.



Beardovitch to Beardovitski: Come, let there be no splitting of hairs between us, or we shall be here till next week!

HOW IT SEEMS TO DANCE WITH THE GIRL—



—and how it seems to dance with A girl.

SONGS OF THE NEW FREEDOM

III. THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long fuse a-winding
 Into the heart of my bomb,
 Where the dynamite is lurking,
 And the noise comes from;
 There's a long, dark night of doping
 Until my head is shot, too,
 Till the day when I'll be groping
 For a long, fast fuse for you!

—D. K. B.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

SONGS OF THE NEW FREEDOM

IV. A SONG OF THE CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
 The richer churches looting,
 When their weary arms hung by their side,
 Exhausted with the shooting.

They sang of death, and not of life,
 These men at far Pirtzelczcz;
 Each comrade thought of someone's wife,
 But all sang "Bokharelczcz."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its noble passion
 Rose hoarsely in a discord strong,
 Con moto, with expression.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 And the captain who could spell
 Was hanged with three reporters.

Sleep, soldiers! still in vodka'd rest
 Your looted riches wearing;
 The dead are still the happiest—
 They cannot hear the swearing.

—D. K. B.



GREATER THAN LOVE

"Love," he murmured tenderly, "is the greatest thing in the world."

"Ah, dear," she replied, "it is not quite the greatest thing. You are greater than love; for you made it."

THE SANDS OF EGYPT

Inscriptions by Malcolm R. Eiselen

Photography by Robert G. Champe

Ah, King Tut, what literary crimes have been committed in thy name! The newspaperman blares forth the three thousand year old scandals of thy court from his tawdry headlines; the statistical genius computes that thy mortuary wealth, if it had been laid out at 6%

compound interest, would now almost suffice to buy an economics textbook; the alleged humorous prints still reproduce the jests which once jarred thy royal ears; but now these fleeting writers pass away, and the solemn pen of the historian comes upon the scene.

ACT I

The scene is the palatial court of King Tut. This court is not like those with which the reader is doubtless acquainted. It is most tastefully decorated, with gaudy representations of the Egyptian Deities upon the plaster-coated walls—whence comes the modern term, courtplaster. The King is seated upon his throne, surrounded by a magnificent robe and his loyal subjects.

KING TUT: Pray, well attend, in order you may hear
Of those wild foemen who are drawing near;
What need we fear the Russian army's rep.,
Ill-trained they are, since marching out of
steppe.

SEC. OF WAR: They are, I think, a stalwart band and
brave.
Who e'en in war have ne'er endured close
shave.
And if aught to me the rumor comes,
Full practiced in the gentle use of bombs.

KING TUT: And yet the bravest foes on earth must flee
Before my mobilized R. O. T. C.

SEC. OF WAR: 'Gainst such a foe, the troops in whom
you hope
Had less effect than half a bar of soap.

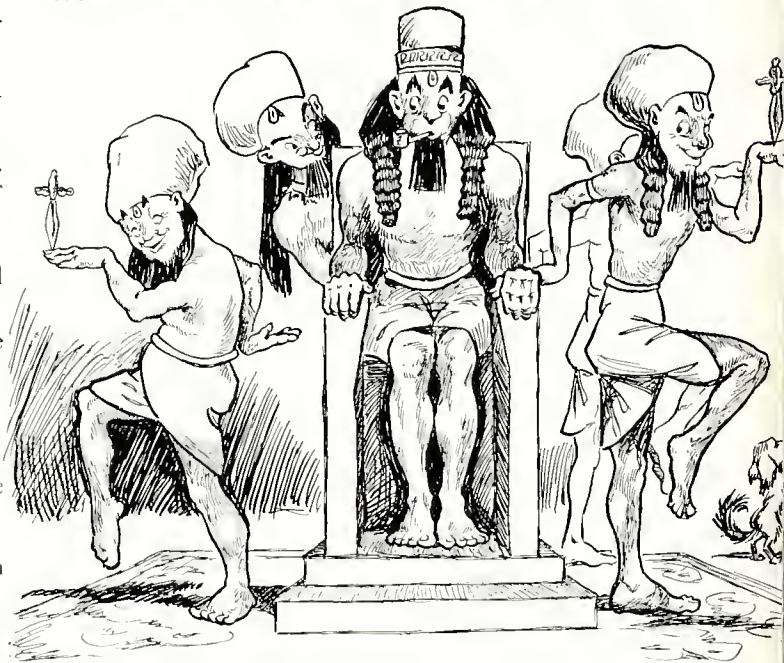
(Enter General Ne-fret Mi-en Mut of the R. O. T. C. The General has the worn and distracted look of the man who has forgot to put on Weed Chains at the first drop of rain.)

KING TUT: Advance, my friend, and may thou truly
speak:
How art prepared against the Bolshevik?

GENERAL: Alas, I fear we cannot gather all;
Last night was held the Military Ball,
And when this morn I called the roll, King
Tut,
I found that over half my course had cut.

KING TUT: I swear by thrice-revered Nekhbet, Konsu,
Hathor, Astarte, Horus and Rashpu,
Osiris—

(The royal extracts from "Who's Who in Egyptian Divinity" are interrupted by the distant strains of music and a tremendous shouting. The Bolshevik hosts are drawing near to the notes of the Russian Folk song, "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose." In consternation the Egyptians rush from the palace to gather their forces.)

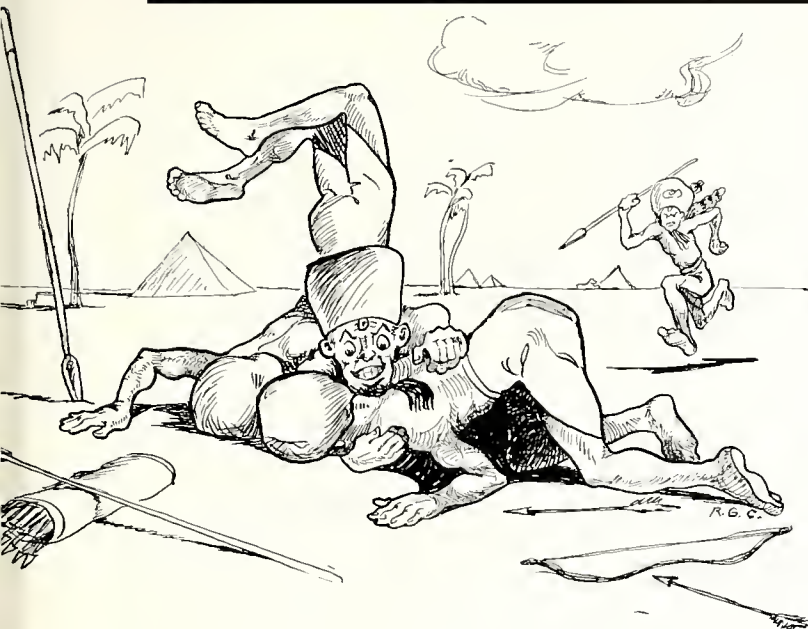


"The King is seated upon his throne"

ACT II

The two armies are drawn up in battle array, each in the formation peculiar to its nation. That of the Egyptian army is very peculiar, indeed; the R. O. T. C. having been hastily convoked, in and by force. King Tut and the General are reviewing their troops.

KING TUT: Upon my faith, as sure as my name Tut's
I ne'er beheld such funny twisted putts,
And tell me where their guns have disap-
appeared;
By men unarmed, the Reds are to be feared.
Do you who dare to arm them with a breath
Expect our foes to laugh themselves to
death?



“ . . . and no holds barred”

GENERAL: That which you say is not a theme for jest;
It grieves me sore that such must be confessed.

We had the guns—alas, there is the rub,
They’ve gone to arm the female rifle club.

KING TUT: By Ra, such negligence doth make me sore,
You’ll soon be hearing from the Sec. of War.

But let us charge in spite of lacking guns
And see is yonder Red a hue that runs.

GENERAL: A double choice of meaning sure thou hast
When I declare that as a hue it’s fast.

(While the potent leaders of the Egyptian forces are thus mingling the affairs of state with the lowest form of wit, we shall turn for a glimpse at the opposing forces. The Red army is intently engaged in a referendum whether to attack or not. General Trotsky has just completed a recount.)

GENERAL TROTSKY: The ballet box is stuffed again, I
fear;

I’ve twice as many votes as men are here.
So ’tis my duty clear to give command
That we at once attack yon hostile band.
Attention! men, and number off by four—

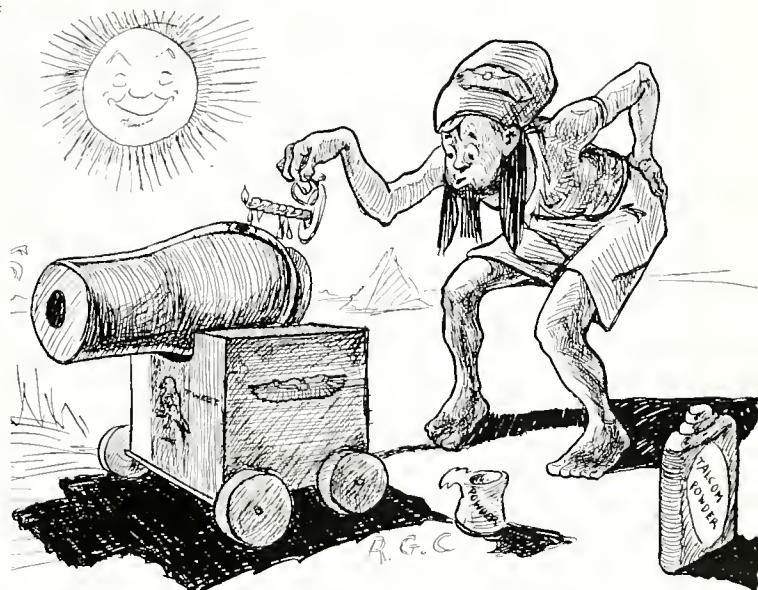
VOICE: I claim the recognition of the floor;
A point of order, Mr. Chairman, pray,
He has no right to order us this way.
We all are free and communistic men;
Unless we vote to fight—

SECOND VOICE: Let’s vote again.

(They do. The motion to sustain the motion of the chair is lost decisively. Finally, after a prolonged debate a white ballot is cast to stack arms. At this critical moment, the discussion is interrupted by the Egyptians who are advancing en mess. General Trotsky is seriously wounded while perusing “Roberts’ Rules of Order” for the proper procedure under the circumstances. Meanwhile, the two parties, deprived of their customary weapons are linked in deadly warfare, two falls out of three and no holds barred.)

ACT III

The battle is waged fiercely. The Reds are easily the more offensive, but the Egyptians are playing on the home grounds. The Egyptians have brought up their siege guns and other heavy artillery, but as usual the Reds are supported by a deadly gas attack.



“Siege guns and other heavy artillery”

KING TUT: If help does not arrive, our cause is did,
And I’ll be parked beneath a pyramid.
And yet, at least, when I am dead at last,
’Twill stop the gossips digging up my past.

(Suddenly, in the distance, a bell is heard. At the sound every Egyptian ceases the struggle and dashes madly northward in the direction of Thebes. The General looks nervously at his watch. It is 12:20; the period is over, and no power on earth can keep the R. O. T. C. from their respective eating clubs. He and the King join in the general retreat. Alas for poor King Tut; he is a bit slow in shifting into second; there is a blow; and the unhappy monarch slips off the stage of history until A. D. 1923.)

THE END.

Famous "Reds" I Ha

THEN CAME CLEO THAT RADIC
WHOSE FIGURE AND FACE W
SHE SET UP HER "MARK" A
AND THE BOOBS WENT OFF



THE TROUBLE BEGAN IN THE VERY FIRST YEAR
WHEN EVE OER AN APPLE HAD GOT ON HER EAR
SHE RAISED CAIN WITH A PIECE OF A TREE
TO PROVE HOW ROUGH A LADY COULD BE.



IN ROME WAS A MAN, AS WE ARE TOLD,
WHO BURNED THE CITY BECAUSE HE WAS COLD,
WHEN FIDDLING HE FOUND THE BRIDGE IN THE WAY
SO HORATIO HELD IT — AND THUS SAVED THE DAY!

ve Known

BY D. BECK

VAMP"
A PLEASURE TO "LAMP"
SLIPPED HIM A WINK,
CROAKED — I THINK.



THEN HENRY THE EIGHTH, A MAGDALINE STUDENT
MARRIED EIGHT TIMES 'CAUSE THE POPE SAID HE COULDN'
HE WENT IN THE MOVIES TO PROVE THAT A KING
CAN, IF HE WISHES, DO ANY OLD THING.



LAST BUT NOT LEAST ARE THOSE FOX-TROTting REDS
WHO GYRATE AND SPIN 'TILL IT GOES TO OUR HEADS
AND WHEN OUR THOTS REACH A STATE OF POLLUTION,
OFF THEY GO ON A NEW "REVOLUTION"

VERSES GRAVE—

MOON FANTASY

*The golden moon above the hill
Was tangled in a willow tree;
It sent its mellow rays to fill
The valley and to summon me.*

*I ran to where it hid its face,
I climbed the very highest bough.
It donned a gown of silver lace
And rose—'twas only teasing now.*

*I stretched my arms to where it shone,
I tried to hold its softest ray;
It smoothed my hand with gentlest grace
And fluttered foolishly away.*

*The shadows did a mocking dance,
The soft winds gave a laughing sigh;
It was a happy game we played,
That funny floating moon and I.*

—E. C. F.

DISCONSOLATE

*I wandered down a misty street
Where fog-drops fell,
And why I thought I heard your feet
I cannot tell.*

*Sad-hearted down that misty street
I sauntered slow,
And why I thought that sadness sweet
I do not know.*

—L. T. L.

SONNET TO ÆNEUS

From One in Calydon

*Remember me when Life has sped you on,
And Time more firmly grasped your wayward hand;
When Youth is what you long to re-command
And Age the gentle prophet of the dawn.
Remember me when this dear friendship now
Has known its last loved kiss, its last kind word.
Oh, just remember me; it is absurd
To ask for more. But this seems right somehow,
For through the years, bring they the knowledge sweet
That I misunderstood my broken heart
Or sad regret that we must live apart.
I shall remember you, and trust we meet
At dawn, and can remembrances renew.
Remember me; I shall remember you.*

—LEDA

THE FLEETING GIFT

*The lyric gift belongs to youth,
And all its strange unhappiness,
Its dreams too frail for wiser eyes;
And when youth vanishes, it dies.*

*Before we learn to lock the thought
Within unyielding, ready words,
The feeling rushes into song
And we are poets—but not long.*

—M. S.

SMOKE

*The wind is smoking his great pipe.
Great billows of white smoke
Roll along the white sky.
His jealousy is comical
When he flips a cigaret
From my lips.*

—C. R. H.

RAINY TWILIGHT

*Grey is the sky, and grey the town,
And grey are the raindrops pattering down
On greying towers and grey-green grass
And shivering people as they pass.*

*There is a light across the way,
A gleam of gold through the closing day:
My light looks out and seems to smile
To it—and the rain rains all the while.*

—M. S.

SUNSET

*The sun is sinking:
As slow as sailing ship
Upon a quiet sea
It sinks into Oblivion.
And I am thinking:
A soul did quit its ship
At time of setting sun
And sink into Oblivion.*

*The sun but sinks from here
To shine on some remoter ship
In some far distant sea.*

*Oh, shall this soul, too, sail
On some remoter ship
In some far fairer sea?*

—LEDA

AND VERSES GAY

THE ANARCHISTS ON GRAY, AND REDS

*A lovely arc-light glimmers in the gloom;
A coed homeward wends her weary way;
The dawn was breaking slowly, I assume—
It rarely breaks in any other way.*

* * * *

*The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
Gray said so and he really ought to know.
They left the world to darkness and to me,
So really I don't care which way they go.*

* * * *

*The street car is a loving, gentle beast
That well repays its keeper's tender care;
It likes to take you riding, or, at least,
It likes to take you if you pay your fare.*

* * * *

*"Tell me not in mournful numbers," I have heard
Is poetry that gives some folks a jar:
For the math shark is a most peculiar bird
Whose intellect is slightly below par.*

* * * *

*The Bolshevik's a mirthless animile,
With a Russian, highly sneezable-ish name;
He rants upon a soapbox, full of bile;
His beard is rather red, his flag the same.*

—LULE.

ODE TO MY FOUNTAIN PEN

*Galumph along, O little pen;
The month has rolled around again,
Ye ed's again upon his ear
For fear our poems will appear.*

*Although I've not a thing to say
(For life goes on its dullard way
Nor quick nor slow, nor good nor bad,
Nor, what might be exciting, mad.)—*

*Yet I must eke compose a rhyme,
And get the blamed thing in on time,
If I'd forestall the mogul's wrath,
Nor reap its awful aftermath.*

*So I shall sing of love and hope
And other pale, poetic dope;
And if the mixture make you ill—
Ye ed can pay the doctor bill!*

—SHE.

REFLECTIONS ON A LATE SPRING

*"Oh Wīd, if Wīdter cōbes cād Sprīg be far behīd!"
The poet cried. "Day, Day!" our hearts acclaib. "Dost
ride,*

*Od wīgs of Tibe, Herald of thy cōbīg, gentle Sprīgtide."
Cōbe, Sprīg, a'd let us breathe agaid!
I'b tired of big turbidates,
A dose that ever liquidates,
Of breathīg that dard Vāporub,
Of lyīg steabīg id a tub,
Of soggy sboke-laded air of bid-wīter,
Days, gray days, id dull bodotodous successiod,
Slush, bud a'd raid,
Fur coats clubsy a'd sbelly,
Ulsters with dirty collars,
Rubbers, galoshes, storb-wīdows,
Stale air, steabīg, hissīg radiators,
Drafts, sdeezes, coughs, rheuby eyes,
Flabīg, turgid a'd white splotched todsils,
A'd fat adedoids.*

*Oh, let today be Sprīg,
A'd lct us in Sprīgtibe have our flīg!
Recall the idtoxicutīg breeze
That fresheds all before ad April shower,
The whisper id the lacy trees,
The twitterīgs of birds in Baytibe.*

*It is edough!
Our spirits their free way are wīgīg a'd wīgīg,
Our glad hearts are sīgīg a'd sīgīg.
Sprīg is cōbīg!*

—D. M.

SONNET TO A HOT DOG

*Shall I compare thee to Elysian bread?
Thou art more handy, thou of modern time;
And like the ancient heavenly manna spread,
I've but to eat thee—if I have a dime.
Sometimes the spring sun waxes fair and hot;
An ice cream sandwich fills my thoughts with joy,
But else besides my thoughts it filleth not—
I would not trade thee for that gaudy toy.
And thy eternal crispness shall not fade,
O humble roll, with humble dog inside,
Nor dim the brightness of thy warm brown shade
While I can write, and words with men abide;
For though I eat thee blissfully in state,
These lines thy fame shall ever celebrate.*

—N. E. H.



ANTICIPATED

*In the spring the young man's fancy,
(Say the poets, one and all)
Turns to what the co-ed has been
Thinking ever since last fall.*

CATALOGUE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MOSCOW

College of Liberal Arts

Entrance requirements—For admission to this college the candidate must present a certificate of graduation from a recognized penal institution, accompanied by a letter of recommendation from his local undertaker.

Graduation—To receive his diploma the student must have acquired 120 semester hours of discredit.

Advanced degrees—Candidates for the degree of M.A. (Master Assassin) must display marked ability in their chosen field of destruction and complete a thesis upon the subject, "Getting Away with Murder."

Laboratory courses—In all laboratory courses students are expected to furnish their own specimens. In all courses, a certain amount of outside work is absolutely required.

COURSES OFFERED

Biblical Literature

A—The Fallacy of the Sixth Commandment.....
.....Prof. T. O'Connor

Chemistry

A1—Toxicology (Laboratory) Prof. Lenine
A2—Poison Gas (Laboratory).....Prof. Lenine

Philosophy

AA—Ethics and Psychology of Narcotics.....Miss Goldman
(Note.—In case less than five students elect this course, it will be withdrawn)

D3—Seminar: The Philosophy of High Explosives Prof. Lenine

Physical Education

A1—Elementary Homicide....Prof. Trotsky and Assistants
(This course is required for all freshmen)

A2—Applied Arson.....Gen. Disorder

B1—Advanced Bomb Throwing.....Prof. Trotsky

Political Science

AA—The Doctrines of Karl Marx.....
.....Prof. Hart and Schaffner

A—Soviet Government.....Mr. Hohenzollern
(This course is not given this year as Mr. Hohenzollern is engaged in research work abroad)

—M. R. E.

NOT PREMEDITATED

Johnny, I'm afraid you told me a deliberate falsehood.

No'm, I really was in an awful hurry.

SONGS OF THE NEW FREEDOM

VI. ANARCHISM

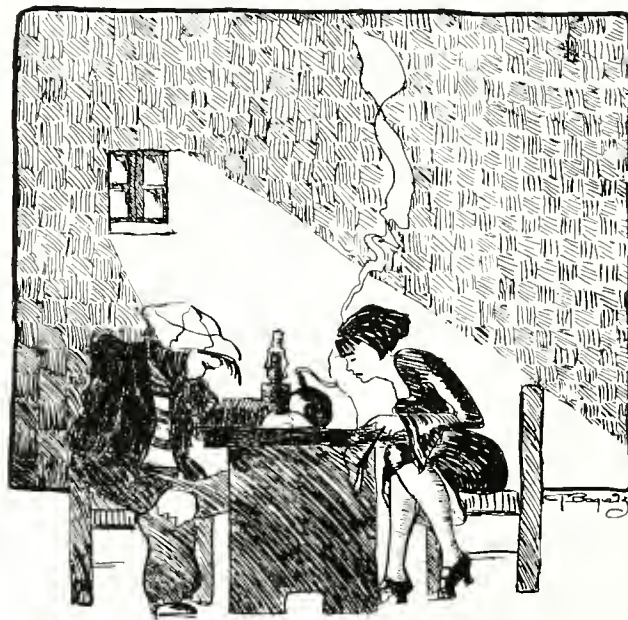
Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

"I hate my own, and every strand?"

Who ne'er his neighbor's house hath burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turned

From parc'ling out another's land?

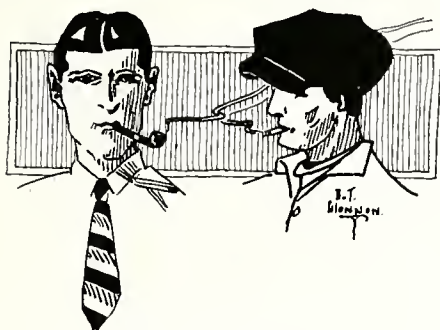
—D. K. B.



ALIENATED

What distinguished foreigner has withdrawn his support from the Russian soviet?

God!



QUATRAIN

*My prof's turned Bolshevik, I wist;
At least the other day he said,
"From this time on I must insist
That all your reading shall be read."*

—M. R. E.

SONGS OF THE NEW FREEDOM

VIII. REQUIEM

Under a bleak and murky sky
Scoop the grave and cover it high.
Hard did I live, and hard do I die,
A victim of vodka and gin.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he ought to be;
Home is the drinker of Russian tea,
And the swigger home from his swill."

—D. K. B.



THE REMOTE PAST

What are you thinking of, Mamie?
I am thinking of the times I had when I was a
young girl.
I thought you had a far-away look on your
face.



Sad Plight of the Prof Who Forgot to Remove
His Coat Before Hanging It on the Hook.

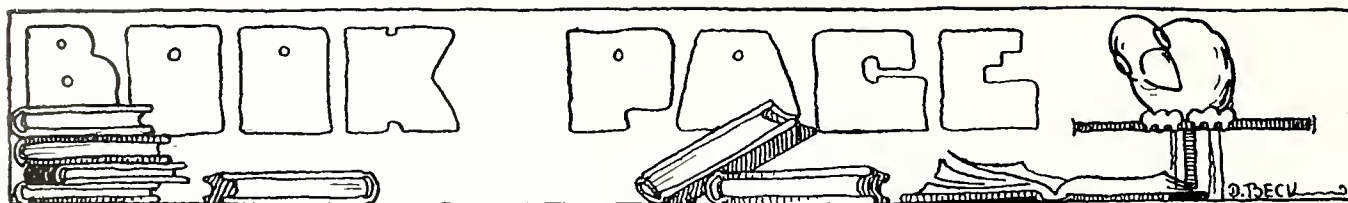
EVOLUTION OF A RADICAL

Kensky was a Nihilist,
In the humble day
When he worked at sorting rags
Out on Clark Street way.

Kensky was an Anarchist
All the years that he
Held a job as sweat-shop boss
On a salary.

Kensky was a Communist,
(Very mild of tone)
When he had a factory
All his very own.

Kensky, now a Plutocrat,
Says the upper classes
Ought to hold the sovereign power
To control the masses. —A. P. K.



"PREJUDICES: THIRD SERIES"

By H. L. Mencken
(Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher)

No one ever agrees absolutely with H. L. Mencken and many find little in his writings to agree with at all, but no person with any pretense of urbanity can help being both amused and awakened by an occasional perusal of his vigorous prose. His latest book, "Prejudices: Third Series," is the same Mencken grown just a bit more vituperative, a bit more flagrantly abusive than before and yet still honest and sure of his ground. And his essay on "Huneker: A Memory," is suffused with the tenderness of a true love that he felt for the biggest figure that American criticism has ever known. In this essay his whole tone is quiet and his prose beautifully formed. And his summing up of Huneker's characteristics is marvelous: "Here, in three words, was the main virtue of his criticism—its gigantic richness. It had the dazzling charm of an ornate and intricate design, a blazing fabric of fine silks."

If he appeals to any particular age or type, certainly Mencken appeals to the college student. He is so superbly alive, he has the constantly inquiring mind, he is never willing to accept hearsay and so he goes banging away at anything that becomes obnoxious to him, with an untiring gusto. And from a mere point of knowledge of the English and American tongues, he is far above a great percentage of the novelists and poets even, of his day. He is never afraid to use the slang phrase if it suits his needs. He seeks to say effectively whatever he wants to say and, for me, he succeeds admirably.

This new book has been both damned and praised, as have been all of his works from the beginning. He always attracts comment. He has become so certain a figure in American letters that he cannot be ignored and he is far too fine and original a mind to ignore. Hate him if you like, but don't fail to read him. His is a disturbing stick in the pool of mental stagnation.

—C. R. H.

An anthology of verse by the Northwestern Poetry Club is to be published soon.

THE BOX OF GOD

By Lew Sarett. (Henry Holt and Company)

This will be different from the conventional book review. It is a personal reaction, for one thing, without pretending to be the final judgment in the matter. Moreover, the writer has read the entire book—three times, in fact, since its publication last fall.

The title poem won the Helen Haire Levinson Prize in 1921 for the best contribution to "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse," of that year. In his earlier volume, "Many, Many Moons," Lew Sarett showed himself the truest singer of the American Indian; and "The Box of God" pictures the struggle in the soul of Joe Spruce, an Indian, between his own pagan God of mountain, lake, and prairie, and the God of the Mission, the "God who lived in a box." A theme which might be treated with endless dry-as-dust psychologizing and moralizing is presented in a series of vivid impressionistic pictures of the man's life and of the God he worshiped in wild Nature. Flashes of pathos and humor shot through the whole make the poem particularly poignant and effective.

The first episode tells of Joe's conversion by the priests, and their well-intentioned attempt to confine his religion in the "box of God" which their chapel is to him.

" . . . to flutter against the door,
Crippled of pinion, bruised of head; to beat
With futile flying against the gilded bars;
To droop, to dream a little, and to die."

The second episode deals with Joe's early life and his belief in his own God, and the final one presents that God of the waters and trees and winds in graphic, unforgettable pictures.

The sincerity, vividness, and craftsmanship of the longer poem are found as well in the shorter ones which complete the volume. One group, "Green Altars," contains lyrics of what is damned in movie subtitles with the designation of "God's country" and the "great wide stretches of the West," here presented by one who knows and loves what he writes about: starry nights on the range, coyotes and whooping cranes, blizzards and

(Continued on page 38)



Whitman's



Sampler

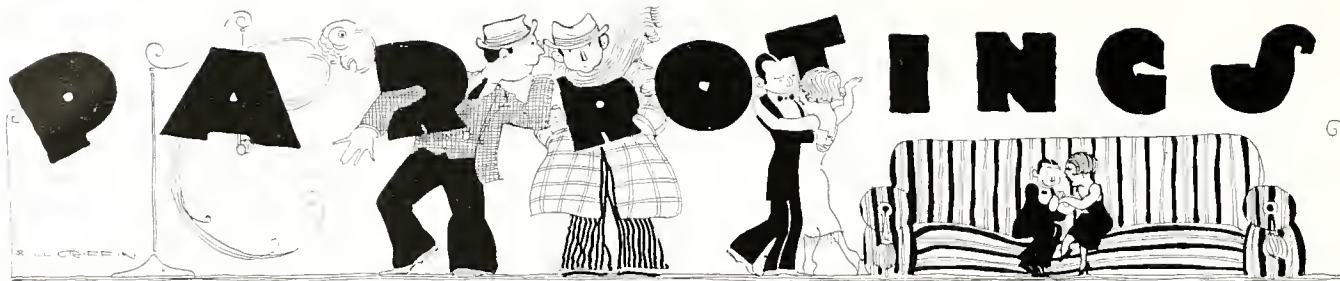
"Started
in
1842"

Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Chas. H. Burkett	Evanston Pharmacy,	Lee-Fraser Drug Co.
H. S. Etherington	601 Davis St.	John V. Lee
Evanston Pharmacy,	Fraser & Lee	University Drug Store
1900 Central Ave.	Foster St. Pharmacy	H. L. Swenson

Special
Northwestern
Package





THE CADET'S REVENGE

Two years ago I
 Marched in the ranks
 On Parade
 And hated every
 Upperclassman who lined
 The curb enjoying my
 Discomfiture
 This afternoon I
 Made 3,000
 Enemies.

—Siren.

AT ILLINOIS

What's this? The army of the unemployed.
 No. The R. O. T. C. in review.—Siren.

A BUM JOKE

Applicant to Bolsheviks: I'll throw a bomb anywhere.

Him who registers them: T'ell you will—you can't t'row dis bum!—Octopus.

CYNIC

The only women
 I can trust
 Are the two Kewpies
 Staring at me
 From the mantelpiece;
 And they have glass eyes.

—Octopus.

A RUSSIAN PRACTICAL JOKE

The great apartment building was a mass of flames. Far up on the thirtieth floor a beautiful young girl was trapped. Flames poured in, from the elevator shaft, the staircase, the very door. All escape seemed cut off. She rushed to the window. The great multitude below greeted her with a shout. Then silence. Someone was thinking. Suddenly a spontaneous cry arose—"Jump! We have a net!" She jumped, just as the flames roared out after her.

The crowd went away weeping with laughter. There was no net, after all.—Moonshine.

THE DICKENS YOU DON'T!

Did you see Oliver Twist, Auntie?
 Hush, child. You know I never attend those modern dances.—Pitt. Panther.

KEEP IT DARK

Isn't it a shame about that policeman losing his eyesight. I suppose he will lose his place on the force?

Oh, no, he has been appointed as a special officer to hunt for stills.—Whirlwind.

Klansman: Dog, you are about to be hanged as an alien. Now tell us your nationality if you would have a last chance.

Victim: I am an Indian.

Klansman: Pull the rope, men! I never heard of any Indians on the Mayflower.—Juggler.

Farmer, to stranded autoist: How'd you get the puncture?

Autoist: Ran over a chicken with pin feathers.—Juggler.

Chinless: Ha, don't you wish you were a man?

Clever girl: My, yes, don't you, too?—Juggler.

THE FALL OF NIGHT

He slipped on his pajamas and fell into bed.—Chaparral.

Grace: What did Bill do to get kicked out of college?

Dave: Nothing.—Tiger.

Say, Jack, is there anything that a woman won't do?

Yes, she won't raise a mustache.—Octopus.

Raleigh's Valet: Sir Walter must 'ave bin drinkin' 'eavy yesterday. Bin rollin' in the mud, 'e 'as.—Punch.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF PROF. BLANK; HOW HE IMPROVED HIS MEMORY IN ONE EVENING

It had been a strenuous evening, reflected Professor Blank, as he sat toasting his feet at the fire. He had left home at six-thirty to attend a dinner, leaving word that he would return at ten. On arriving at the home of his host, he discovered that the dinner had been scheduled for the evening before. Professor Blank had a rather poor memory and such slight mistakes were not unusual. On this particular evening he plodded home to find the door locked, and his key upstairs on his bureau—or was it the desk?—possibly the mantel, anyway he had neglected to bring it.

While waiting for the housekeeper to answer his violent rapping, his mind had wandered to the great subject of evolution as seen in the phylum Nemathelminthes; so it was not perhaps surprising that, when the worthy woman stuck her head from a second-story window and announced that the professor was out for dinner and would not return till ten, he mechanically took out his watch, noted the time, and calmly replied, "All right. I'll call again."

Luckily the housekeeper had recognized his voice; so now we find him before the fire trying to decide what to do for his errant memory. On the advice of a friend he had already mastered the art of reciting backward and forward the signers of the Declaration of Independence, until he had inadvertently begun introducing his friends by the names of these Revolutionary heroes.

He sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire when he noted a queer feeling in his right foot. He jumped up and discovered that the sock was ablaze. He hopped around the room, trying to remember what to do in such an emergency. Finally he tore off the burning sock and hurled it into the scrap basket. He went back to his chair, extremely well pleased with himself, and vainly trying to remember what he had done with his carpet slippers. Suddenly the housekeeper rushed in, and seeing the flames arising from the scrap basket, she grasped the Professor's hand and pulled him from the house. There he stood, watching the flames and trying to think what to do.

Here was his house burning before his eyes and—horrors! the insurance papers. Where were they? Desperately he sat down on the sidewalk to think.

Suddenly he jumped up and hopped toward the house. The family Bible! He had carefully put the papers there several months before. Then



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dismally he realized that he had forgotten the location of the family Bible. He leaned against a lamp-post and concentrated painfully.

A scene of the evening before flashed across his mind. In attempting to move the refrigerator one of the legs had broken sharply off. He had seized the first available object with which to prop it up—and this had been the now coveted Bible! He stumbled to the back door and, narrowly escaping death beneath the ice-box, rescued the family Bible and the papers.

Such was the remarkable experience of Professor Blank. Since that night he has never been troubled with a weak memory, and has become rich telling his method.

"It is indeed a simple thing," he writes. "Simply set fire to your house. It can not fail to improve your memory." Enclosed please find bill for \$25. Do not forget to remit." —E. R. and M. R. W.

The new suburbanite was raving about his fine country home to friends at his club:

"It just takes forty minutes for me to reach the office on foot, thirty by street car, twelve by auto, and——"

"An hour and a half by 'phone," his next door neighbor added.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

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A TRAGICAL POME

Talk about
All the flirts
Being
At the universities;
Did you ever
Spend a vacation
In your home town,
And try to show
Your old girl
A good time,
And she came
With you
To the station
To see you off,
And as you stood
On the platform
To wave good-bye
You saw
Her climb in
Your rival's car,
And speed away?
Boushwa—Boushwa!!!

—Flap.

BOLSHEVIK BREVITIES

We hate to talk about people behind their backs, but they say the anarchist is a bomb sport.

Lenine says the average Pole is a poor stick.

"I feel that there is going to be a split in the party," said the Bolshevik as he brandished his axe.

"I think somebody is going to be bored," said the Bolshevik as he picked up his rifle.

"It looks like a slaying party," said the Russian as he drew his sword.

DARE WE PRINT THIS?

That fellow is the cleverest editor that ever put out a college magazine.

How so?

He always selects the poorest exchanges so that his own material will look good by contrast.—Cracker.

I don't see where we can put up this lecturer for the night.

Don't worry—he always brings his own bunk.—Tiger.

He (trying to get his bearings): How do we get to your home from here?

She (very nonchalantly): Oh, any taxi driver knows the way!

He (grimly): That's all right, I'll ask a conductor.—Mercury.

The new maid called her mistress agitatedly. "I jes' wants you'all t' know," she said, pointing to a statuette of Venus, "befo' I stahrts hyar, I didn't knock de arms off'n dis hyar monument. Hit was dat-away when I come in!"—Froth.

Bolshi: Wanna go on a sleighing party?

Viki: Who are you going to slay?—Medley.

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WHY IS A ROOMMATE?

A roommate is a class of human animal peculiar to college life, or at any rate developed by college life. Its uses are many and its abuses legion. Ask any roommate.

If your roommate is amply supplied with pen-nants and other necessary dinkuses for the interior decoration of the fraternal abode; if his feet and your feet fit the same shoes, and he has the shoes; if his beauty is accentuated by the same shade of necktie as your own and he is provided with many such neck rags; if his collars and yours (if you had any), are the same size: in short if he is a useful roommate, you can be happy and grateful that fate has smiled upon you.

If, however, you are the one supplied with the above named and other worldly goods, be sure that you will have to search the scrap-basket to unearth an aged necktie in order to make yourself presentable; you will have to beg across the hall that your feet may dance in shoes; you will have to launder your collar with an eraser and tear up the sheets for handkerchiefs.

It is written that a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same. A roommate is one who can appropriate all your duds, your girl and your loose change, who can spring an old joke twice in one evening, and read all your love letters, who can tell you all his troubles and all his political opinions and not get kicked down the back stairs.

If you have anything that you would hide from your roommate place it under the carpet, put it in the dictionary, place it in the bottom of your drawer (the one that he has finally decided that he don't need), put it far down in your trunk, put it—oh, anywhere you wish, but don't be deceived, it is not hidden, he will find it, his eye is all-seeing and his ear all-hearing. If you really wish to hide it put it along with the "Please wake me at 7:30" notice. It will never be discovered.

He that has not a roommate misses half of life and he that has one misses everything he wants when he wants it.—C. V. K.

As the Tooth Paste said to the Tooth Brush:
Pinch me, kid, and I'll meet you outside the tube.
—Lord Jeff.

WHARFUL

She: Sir, do you realize that I am the daughter of an English peer?

He: Not so fast. I'm the son of an American doc.—Wampus.

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2nd Sunday in May

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write to her, or
better still

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A bald-headed guy called Bill
Had a masquerade date to fill,
So he sugared his head
And painted it red,
Then he went to the ball as a pill.
—Awgwan.

RHYME OF A CYNIC

My girl said she
Wants me to be
A multi-millionaire;

I do myself
But that's no sign
I'll be one, I declare.

—Juggler.

Hartley: Sorry I couldn't keep my appointment with you yesterday. I had an—er—class.

Whittier: Yes, I saw her; some class, too.—
Jester.

He: Say, this Pippa person must be awfully smart.

She: How so?

He: Well, my profs are always telling about how Pippa passes.—Awgwan.

Charon glared wrathfully at the trembling Greek Hero who had just fallen in the River Styx.

"Why are you wet?" he demanded in thunderingly tragical accents.

The Greek Hero trembled some more, but he realized that he must live up to his reputation, even unto death.

"Sire, the River Styx," he replied with a feeble attempt at being courageous.

And that is why Charon happened to sink his boat and go out of business.—Virginia Reel.

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Time—To Retire.

Place—Bed-room (Lights lighted).

It was a cold, dark night. The traffic stopped—a mob gathered. I had forgotten—
(Cheers and applause from the mob.)

The curtain.

—Yale Record.

“Do you know anything about Marco Polo?”

“No, is it anything like clock golf?”

—Toronto Goblin.

ALWAYS!

Diz: May I call you my little dyspepsia tablet?

Liz: Why?

Diz: Always after a large, heavy dinner.

—Ski-U-Mah.

DISHONEST

“So you can't trust him?”

“I'll say not. He'd steal the safety pin from the Venus de Milo if he could find it.”

—California Pelican.

OFF COLOR

“Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Black?”

“I wouldn't call that dress black.”

—Virginia Reel.

Farmer: What are you doing up that tree, young feller?

Rook: One of your apples fell down, mister, and I'm trying to put it back.—Orange Owl.

“Love,” he murmured tenderly, “is the greatest thing in the world.”

“Ah, dear,” she replied, “it is not quite the greatest thing. You are greater than love; for you made it.”

Two old maids

Went for

A tramp in the woods.

The tramp

Died.

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

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by sending her a little remembrance, on Mother's Day.
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Hoyburn Building

What's a waffle?

A waffle is a pancake with cleats.—Chaparral.

Charity: Will you help the Old Ladies Home?

Generosity: Sure, where are they?—Punch Bowl.

Warden, to murderer in electric chair: Is there anything you would like to do or say before I push the fatal button?

Thoughtful Murderer: Yes, kind sir, I would like to get up and give my seat to a lady.

—Punch Bowl.

HUMAN NATURE

"Nature sleeps!" exclaimed the poet.

Just then there was a clap of thunder.

"I suppose," remarked the cynical friend, "you would call that a snore."—Chaparral.

He: Oh, pray, Miss Dalrymple, don't call me Mr. Brooks.

She: But our acquaintance has been so brief. This is so sudden. (Sweetly): Why shouldn't I call you Mr. Brooks?

He: Because my name's Sommerset.

—Virginia Reel.

SPECTACLES *and* EYEGLASSES

The Almer Coe Store in the North Shore Hotel offers everything in the way of eyeglass service that any optical store anywhere can have for you. Full stocks of all styles of frames and lenses are carried, and all work is done on the premises. New lenses can be made accurately from the measurements of old lenses without the original prescription.

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PINK SHOP

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WHY MEN KILL WOMEN

Vernon: I'm going to ask you a funny question.

Veronia: You're not going to propose, are you, Algernon?—Ohio State Sun Dial.

There was a tap at the door. He arose and turned it off.—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

Son (excitedly): Father, I'm going to Singapore.

Father (absent-mindedly): Get outa here before you wake the baby.—Juggler.

Bob Pickup: Ay, Fitzgerald, can ye tell me why Lord Pepperell always wears a monocle?

Fitz': Well, I'm not sure, but I guess it's because his blooming brain can't absorb more than one eye can see.—Brown Jug.

Police Guide: We found a woman's torso here.

Gushing Woman: You wouldn't think a woman would be so careless with her things, would you?—Moonshine.

Our professor tells us that Adam was a man who had trouble with one of his ribs.—Juggler.

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THIS WON'T HOLD WATER

Daddy, can you still do tricks?

What do you mean, my son, "do tricks?"

Well, mamma says that when you were young
you used to drink like a fish.—Goblin.

Motorist: "Is there a William Jones around
here, my good man?"

Villager: "Yep."

Motorist: "Where may I find him?"

Villager: "Jes' beyond the ridge thar'."

Motorist: "Isn't that the cemetery?"

Villager: "Yep. He's dead."—Judge.

**PERHAPS HE WAS FROM THE BOLOGNA
CHAPTER?**

Young Lady (pointing to picture of Sir Gala-
had): "Who is that in that picture?"

New Pledgee: "Oh, that's one of the old fel-
lows, I don't know his name."—Medley.

BUSY

The Toreador (after an hour's session): "Hello,
hello, central. Can't I get a better line?"

Central (who has overheard most of it): "Say,
bo, I don't see what's the matter with the one you
have."—Pitt Panther.

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SENIOR

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TOO TRUE

'Steen: What's your favorite tobacco?
Fifteen: My room-mate's.—Chaparral.

I heard you had trouble last night?
Yep, flat tire.
I know, I saw you with her.—Brown Jug.

Say, how did you get in the Glee Club?
Made first bass on four bawls.—Chaparral.

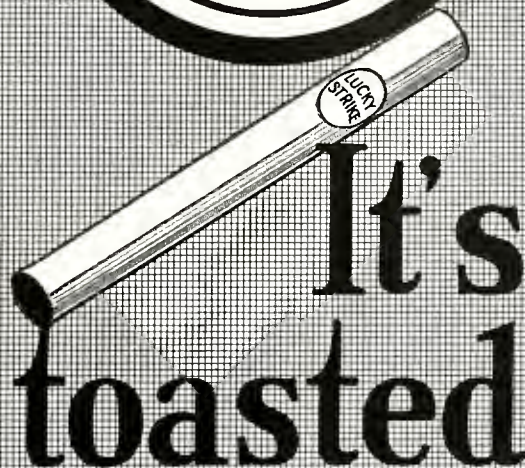
As usual: Shay, is this a hand laundry?
Manager: Yes.
A. U.: Wash my hands, will ya?
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.

Stu: What did you do with the quiz yesterday?
Dent: Knocked it cold.
Stu: I suppose that's why it was so stiff when I took it this morning.—Virginia Reel.

Nelly Bly: I thought you said you were a good motorist! Why, only yesterday you ran into a cow!

Sweet Adeline: Well, my dear, the cow was on the wrong side of the road.—Goblin.

Page thirty-seven



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CHICAGO

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CONTEMPT OF COURT

Mike Kelly was once walking into Medford when old Judge Bacon drove by and gave him a lift. The judge, who was very much satisfied with himself, turned to Mike after a while and said:

"Did you ever think, Mike, that it would be a long time in your old country before you could ride with a judge like me?"

"Yes, your honor," said Mike, "and it would be a long toime in me old country before one loike you would be a judge."—Lampoon.

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dancing about them.

"I bet you never saw dancing like this back in the nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once—but the place was raided."—Siren.

I flunked that quiz cold.

It was easy, I thought.

Yeah, but I had vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped.—Black and Blue Jay.

Logic Prof: Give me an example of a vicious circle.

Stude: What you're just going to put down after my name.—Juggler.

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"THE BOX OF GOD"

(Continued from page 26)

forest fires, timber-line trees and whistling pines and mesa mists. Interpretations of Indian life make up the final group: war chants, council-talks, an Indian mother's lullaby, a maple-sugar prayer, and chants to the Great Spirit. Lew Sarett knows his people, and interprets them with a rare faithfulness and sureness of touch. He is himself an adopted member of the Ojibway tribe, who know him as Ah-deek, "Lone Caribou."

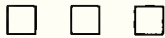
To one fed up with the conventional "great outdoors" school of verse, "The Box of God" offers poetry fresh and vivid, with much new material, and an unquestioned sincerity added to first-hand knowledge—all of which go to make up a most unusual combination.—D. K. B.

She: Do you love me still?

He: I do; you seldom are.—Moonshine.

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Special Arrangements May Be Made for Fraternity
and Sorority Nights

Jakey: "I took Rachel by de te-ater last night
and we almost had a taxicab home."

"Ikey: "Vy? What happened?"

Jakey: "Well, I matched de drifer first for
veder ve should pay him double fare or noddin.
He von; so we had to walk."—Lord Jeff.

When there are four balls you take your base,
but where there are three balls you take your
watch.—Squib.

Osculation is the sincerest form of Flappery.
—Toronto Goblin.

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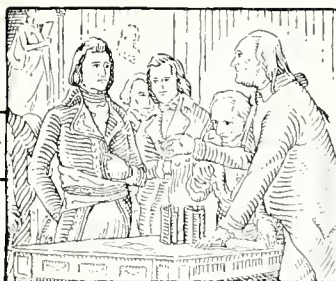
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IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

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Evanston's newest and most elegantly appointed hotel, The Orrington, will be ready to accommodate sorority, fraternity, class, and other college social affairs.

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